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RIVAL POLITICAL GARDENERS.  
THE SAME METHOD, BUT DIFFERENT RESULTS.





#### MODERN PUGILISM.

"Too bad about poor Bruiser; he's had to give up prize-fighting."  
 "What's the matter — overtrained?"  
 "Yes; he's suffering from writer's cramp."

#### IN AUTUMN DAYS.

NCE MORE, in fullness of the years,  
 September comes and wanes;  
 And o'er the Summer, dead, its tears  
 Fall fast in Autumn's rains.

Soon, with the Indian Summer days,  
 A peaceful languor comes  
 That fills the scarlet woods with haze,  
 Through which the partridge drums.

Changed now into an Autumn maid,  
 The Summer Girl we knew,  
 Is searching through the forest glade  
 For leaves of gorgeous hue.

Her belt with all these trophies gay  
 Is decked in tempting style,  
 And oft her escort finds a way  
 To press them for a while.

R. L. M.

#### NO FLAT FOR HER.

In a dreamy rapture he kissed her golden tresses.  
 "The future," he exclaimed, joyously, "with its castles in the air!"  
 She turned with sudden earnestness.  
 "Fitz-Maurice," she said, decisively, "don't deceive yourself! I tell you, now, I sha'n't live above the third story under any circumstances."

EVEN ROYALTY has its drawbacks. The Mikado of Japan is constantly attended by nine doctors.



#### LOTS OF FUN.

MAMA.—Gracious, Georgie! what are you doing with those paints?  
 GEORGIE.—We're playing circus — I'm the zebra, Minnie's the leopard, and Uncle Henry's the clown!

#### A PETRIFICATION.

SPECTACLED TOURIST (*in Kansas*).—Are there any fossils in this vicinity?

PROMINENT CITIZEN.—Yes; for instance, there is old man Hawbuck. He prayed for two weeks for wisdom from on high to direct him how to vote, and then went and voted the Populist ticket.

JASPAR.—How did Mr. Blublood make his wealth?

JUMPUPPE.—He did n't make it. He inherited it, and it made him.



#### A BITTER EXPERIENCE.

INDOLENT IVORS.—Did she give yer anything?  
 FRAYED REEGAN.—Did she give me anything? The way she treated me, you'd think I was a book agent!

#### WEAR THE TROUSERS, ANYWAY.

GADDER.—Well, what will your Woman's Suffrage Association do, now that the constitutional convention has refused to accede to your demands? You'll have to disband.

MISS STRONGMYND.—Not much! We've turned the association into a *Fin de Siècle* Bicycle Club!

#### A NOTABLE EVENT.

CARRIE.—We are to give a grand reception to our minister on the tenth of next month. You know it is an important anniversary.

CLARA.—His ordination?

CARRIE.—No; his conviction of heresy.

#### A CUE FROM THE LABOR LEADERS.

MRS. BROWN-JONES.—Mrs. Uptodate is an admirable leader. Do you know what she said when the news came of the adverse report on the suffrage amendment?

MRS. JONES-BROWN.—What did she say?

MRS. BROWN-JONES.—She advised that we should, under no circumstances, resort to violence.

FOR "CARTOONS AND COMMENTS," SEE SEVENTH PAGE.





## THE PASTOR'S LETTER.

EACON HAYS.—Here's what the Pastor says in his letter to the *Farmer's Vindicator* about his European tour: "Sabbath morning, after service, we went upon deck and there drank in the beauties of sea and sky until a fierce rain storm came on which drove us into the saloon, where the balance of the day was passed pleasantly."—There! did n't I tell ye? Was n't I agin sendin' the preacher to furrin' countries on his vacation? Spendin' all that money only to learn wicked furrin' ways. Was n't I right? What'll be the consequences of it—on the first Sunday a little rain storm comes up, that'll be excuse enough for the Pastor of the First Methodist Church of Hay Corners, to pass the day in a saloon!

## A WISE MAN.

VISITOR.—You seem to have great confidence in your physician, Aunty.

AUNT CHLOE (*convalescent*).—'Deed I has, chile! 'deed I has! No mattah whut ail you, Doctah Sawyer kin jist gib yo' one look an' Diogenese yo' case!

## HE GENERALLY ESCAPES.

TRIVVET.—There were six people in the boat with Dum-squizzle, and he was the only one saved. The rest were drowned.

DICER.—How did he happen to be picked up? He can't swim.

TRIVVET.—Oh, he was the one that rocked the boat!

## THE MODERN METHOD.

WILCOX.—That's a mighty sturdy boy of yours. What will you make of him?

GIBBS.—He's to be a champion prize-fighter.

"A prize-fighter! Then why are you spending so much money on his education?"

"Well, I want his work in the newspapers to be better than the average; that's why!"

## HER MANNER.

"Thy bondsman I!"  
I wildly rave;  
Naught doth she  
But freeze her slave.

REMSEN.—You need n't say anything against Brooklyn. Many of New York's best business men live there.

HUDSON.—Yes; they are awake in New York and asleep while in Brooklyn.



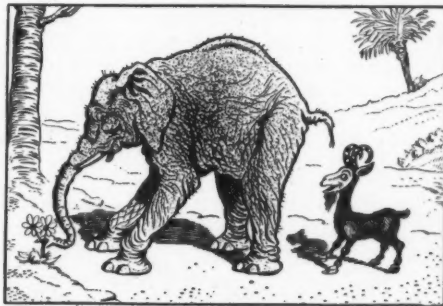
## PRESENCE OF MIND.

HE.—What have you done with that old coat of mine, my dear?

SHE.—Why, John, I traded it off with the old-clothesman for a very pretty vase.

HE (*nonchalantly*).—Ah! I had two hundred dollars hidden in it that I had saved up to buy you a seal-skin cloak next Winter.

## THE SAD FATE OF A MISCHIEVOUS GOAT.



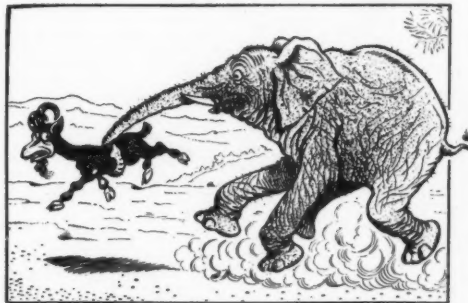
(1) THE GOAT.—Ha! See me get one in on his Nobs!



(2) "Ah there, Popper!"



(3) "You old mountain of mud! You can't catch me."



(4) THE ELEPHANT.—Can't, eh?



(5) "Now, I'll put little Willy where he can't get into mischief."



(6) "That fellow 'll not monkey with a mountain of mud again soon, you bet!"

## ONLY HUMAN.

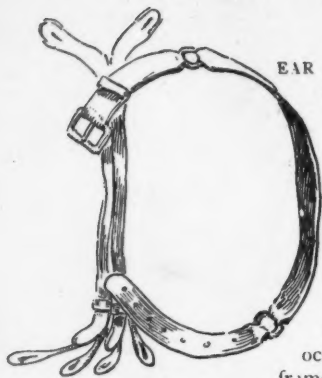
'T is not for all the things I want  
My pocket-book I bleed;  
Alas! I'm poor, because of all  
The things I do not need.

[F WE voted as we pray it would n't take long to get the returns.

LAWYERS HELP those who help themselves.



## THE BELT HABIT.



EAR READER, while the golden Summer days were slipping off the calendar into the hot past, did you chance to note the ways of the belt-wearing man? I do not mean the genuine belt-wearer, the society man who makes things pleasant for the Summer Girl as he flits from beach to beach. He wears his belt bravely and easily — much more easily than he pays his board. I have no quarrel with him. I refer to the city-bound man who buys the clothes that make the Summer Girl, whose occasional glimpse of the ocean is from the shade of Coney's frame elephant, who is tanned only by

the electric light of the roof-garden, whose brow is fanned only by the breeze born of electricity and brass. I have never divined the cause or causes that lead this man to don a belt. Perhaps he does it from a desire to appear rakish in his bearing. Perhaps he does it with intent to deceive — to make his fellow-prisoners in town believe that he is leading a mere butterfly existence. He may even seek to delude himself. But he fails. You can't lead anything like a mere butterfly existence on a forty-cent leather belt. You must have a *blase* air and blonde shoes and money and white duck trousers too long in the legs, and time. The town man does n't realize this at first. He buys his belt hurriedly, as one having to catch a fast boat back to a high-priced Summer resort in eighteen minutes. In the seclusion of his room he discards his suspenders and adjusts his purchase. He cinches it up with the spirited vigor of a cowboy saddling an untrustworthy broncho. With a feeling of joyous relief he socks the suspenders into the depths of a closet as dark as a ship's hold. He thinks perhaps he will wear them again in the Fall, after belts go out.

Then he goes forth into the light of day to be seen of all men — and to be asked repeatedly and jeeringly where he got it and *why* he got it — for men are hard and cruel in their gibes, and heed not the quivering lip and the halting explanation. At every opportunity he says his belt is a great scheme, and that everybody of intelligence will be wearing belts presently. He wears with his belt a stiff white shirt with his initial on the mysterious buttonhole that ever protrudes from the bottom of its varnished bosom. He also wears the baggy trousers that came with a last year's suit.

His belt does n't fit its surroundings. Before long he finds that it does n't fit him, either. At first he thinks it is a size too small, and that he may have to exchange it. Then he has an inspiration: he thinks he may have been a little too insistent when he tightened it. He relaxes its deadly clutch four holes. He still calls it a great scheme.

Soon a new woe is his. He finds it out in the midst of his dinner. Affecting to study the ceiling with idle curiosity, he leans forward on the table, and, with one hand, furtively unbuckles his tormentor. His downfall has begun. Three days later, lost to all sense of manhood, he leans brazenly back, and, with both hands, ungirds himself in unblushing flagrancy. He also draws several deep breaths, as if to call attention to the fact that there is keen enjoyment in breathing all you want to. Then he comes down to unbuckling his belt during business hours and allowing it to hang limp about him. He tells you that this is one of the great advantages of a belt: — you are not obliged to keep it buckled tight, and he plumes himself offensively on his ingenuity. It



## REASONABLE.

MR. MURPHY (*seeing a giraffe for the first time*).— Be th' saints, Biddy, that baste must come from a counthry phwere th' sun be moighty hot!  
MRS. MURPHY.— How so, Phelan?  
MR. MURPHY.— Just look at th' soize av his freckles!

does n't occur to him that it would be much prettier if he took the thing off altogether. He persists in wearing it, just as he wears a pound of keys that won't unlock anything, in his hip-pocket, at the end of a chain attached to his person.

Having assured himself that the belt, to be of any use, must be drawn uncomfortably tight, the belt-wearer now commits the crowning atrocity of his career. He comes forth arrayed in both belt *and* suspenders. Of course the suspenders do all the work, and the belt gets the credit for most of it. Why

any man who has received a good common-school education will wear a belt and suspenders is one of life's most baffling mysteries. It would be no more baffling, if, in addition to the belt and suspenders, he would drive a row of tenpenny nails into himself as a further support for his trousers.

At this writing there seems to be no danger that the belt habit will spread. Still, those of us who know the right thing in dress should keep alert, ready to smite the monster wherever it shall rear its head. Every high-minded gentleman should learn just what his suspenders are for, to the end that he may not affront them and worry his liver with this useless article.

H. L. Wilson.



## DISAGREEABLY AMBITIOUS.

NAN (*to the rest of the girls, who are arranging a camping-out party*).— Yes; and I'll be cook.  
THE GIRLS (*in angry chorus*).— Yes; that's just you! You always want to be boss!



# GREATLY NEEDED.



**INQUISITIVE PASSENGER.**—What kind of an arrangement is that you have attached to your hand?  
**STREET-CAR CONDUCTOR.**—This line is largely patronized by lady shoppers. Wait till I go inside, and I'll show you how it works.



"Fares, ladies, please!"

## WHERE MONEY FLIES.

"Our cash system here is the latest improved," said the dapper clerk at the necktie counter; "we do not keep you waiting a moment for your change, as the money is shot forward and back by pneumatic tubes."  
 "Yes, I know," answered the meek customer, sadly; "this is the place my wife comes to blow in all my money."



AN ILLUSTRATED BASE-BALL TERM.  
 "WEAK IN THE BOX."

## THE USUAL FORMULA.

**AGENT.**—Have you got the testimonial for Dr. Dosem's Cure All done yet?

**WOMAN.**—I ain't used to writing, and can't make any headway, somehow. All I've got written is, "No pen can describe my sufferings."

**AGENT.**—That's all right! Now go ahead and describe 'em.

## FALSE PREMISES.

**MRS. BROWN.**—We ought to have a voice in making the laws, because we have to obey the laws that are made.

**BROWN.**—My dear, that is an exploded theory. If the male voters had to obey the laws they make, they'd repeal half of them.

**SELF-CONFIDENCE** is an excellent thing if there is good reason for it.

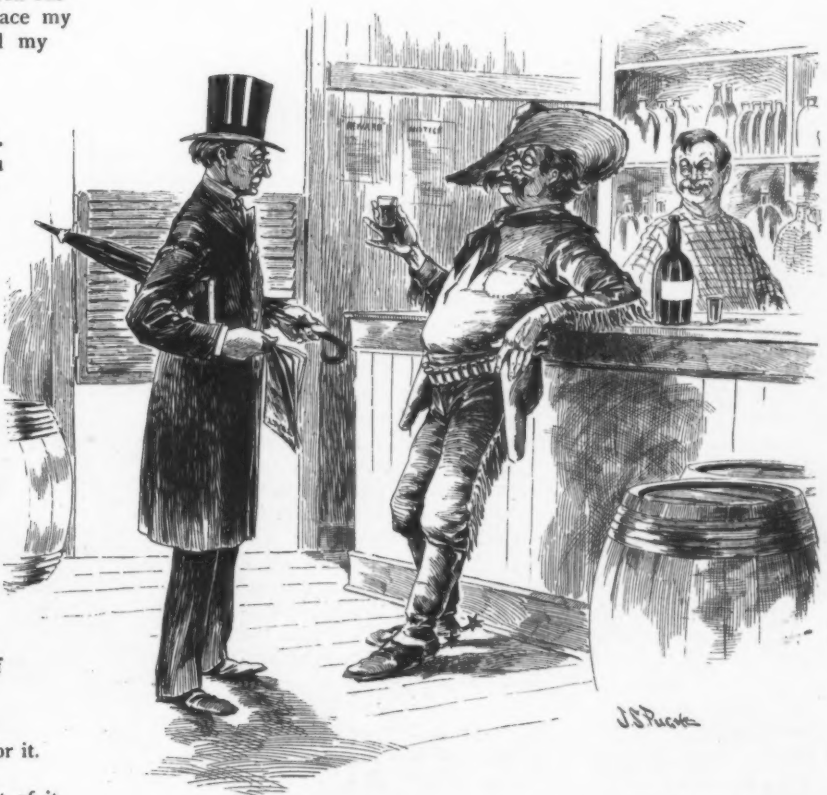
**IT'S** a good plan when you get the worst of it to make the best of it.

**MRS. HICKS.**—I want you to go down and give the cook two weeks' notice.

**HICKS.**—I thought you were anxious to have her stay?

**MRS. HICKS.**—I'll tell her to pay no attention to it; probably she'll stay, just to spite you.

**SHE WAS** a maiden rare, and there  
 Was none to whom you could compare her  
 But the man with whom she walked the beach,—  
 And he, at that resort, was rarer.



## AN AMATEUR.

**THE REVEREND MR. HARPS** (*solemnly*).—My dear friend, can not I say something to turn you from your present sinful and ruinous course? Remember that the wages of sin is death!

**ALKALI IKE.**—Aw, shucks, Elder! I'm not follerin' this yere course fer wages; I'm simply in it fer the fun of the thing!



## THE SONS OF TOIL AND THE DAUGHTER OF ITALY.

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CASEV.—Howly Murther!  
DOONAN.—Me back 's broke!  
COSTIGAN.—'T is a ha-r-r-d life us poor devils has!  
MURPHY.—Annother ounce and I'd boorst!  
FOREMAN.—Git a move on yez! All thim ould ties is to be brought over there and burned.



CASEV.—This heavy liftin' is pullin' me ar-runs out!  
DOONAN.—Sure wan of thim ould water-soaked cross-ties would strain the back of Sandow!  
COSTIGAN.—Oi niver had to wor-ruk so har-r-d in my loife before!  
MURPHY.—An' all for a dollar tin a day!  
FOREMAN (sarcastically).—Av yez are t'roo wid yer gruntin' an' groanin', gintleman, we will resoom.



SIGNORA GIACCOPAZZI.—Irisha man throw away thisa gooda wood! Had I notta ze bundle I woul'da taka two or da three!



FOREMAN (in awed admiration).—Death an' Ages! Av I had t'ree of thim dago women I could build a main line in a week!

## FIXING THE RESPONSIBILITY.

“**H**OW DID you find matters over at Boomopolis?” asked the able editor of the *Hawville Clarion*, of Colonel Handy Polk, the enterprising real estate agent, who had been spending a few days in a neighboring settlement.

“There is nothing going on over there worth mentioning,” replied the Colonel, “except a lively row between the rainmakers, the Salvation Army and a few other parties, over who deserves the credit for breaking up the long d-d-outh. You see, the town offered a purse of two hundred dollars for a good soaking rain, and just about the time the rainmakers began operations, the Salvation Army commenced praying for the same blessing. Both parties labored zealously, and three or four days ago the rain came down in torrents. Well, then, when the rainmakers came up for their money the Salvationists put in a claim for it on the ground that the flood was produced by prayer and not by mechanical means. A little later, here came the Methodists with the announcement that the credit belonged to neither party, but to a kind and beneficent Providence, alone; while up jumped the Populists with the pessimistic assertion that it rained because they were having a basket picnic on that day. What few infidels there are in the settlement deny the claims of everybody else, and say that it rained just because it happened to. Hop Wing, the Chinese laundryman, credits the blessing to his Joss, in a sort of left-handed way, alleging that he got tired of pampering his idol to no purpose, and whirled in and pounded the blockhead regularly every day till the lazy rascal got down to business and made it rain. It looks as if the court would have to be called in to straighten out the complication. Meanwhile, several farmers living on the bottom-land along Bitter Creek are patiently waiting for the responsibility to be fixed, so that they can begin action for damages on account of their crops having been washed out by the flood.”



## AN EXCEPTION.

MRS. POPLAIGH (from her paper).—I tell you, the more a man gets the more he wants.  
MR. POPLAIGH (minding the twins).—Not always!





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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

### BY THEIR FRUITS SHALL YE KNOW THEM.

THE TAIL END of the nineteenth century has developed a peculiar morality of its own, which, if it establishes itself, will make the twentieth century a very lively and peculiar period to live in. The literary and pictorial expansions for which the end of the century is supposed to be responsible call for no comment. Nothing could be said of them that would not be as disturbing to the cause of morality in general as they themselves are. But there is another manifestation of the new movement in morality which calls, we think, for prompt discussion. Even at the end of the nineteenth century the affairs of the world are still in the hands of the plain people who object to cutting their morals over again every time that some too-advanced thinker chooses to set a new fashion.

The world, it seems, has had to wait through eighteen centuries of its present chronology, and several thousand missing or unaccounted for in the dim past, to find frank, open and unabashed defenders of the practice of conspiracy against free and open competition in commerce. In simpler days than these it needed very little argument to convince the plain, practical citizen that if all the bakers in his town entered into a secret alliance to put up the price of bread, and to prevent any other baker from plying his trade, they were committing an offense against public policy which called for his immediate attention. This lack of nineteenth century enlightenment led, in Europe, during the middle ages, to the fining and imprisonment of many too-ambitious bakers, and where the law failed to act with sufficient promptitude, the plain citizen, with a few of his fellows, occasionally selected a suitable baker and an appropriate lamp-post, and combined the two in a way that generally served as a memorandum to the authorities. He doubtless realized, as he took this extreme measure, that he offended against the letter of the law. But, if he did, he justified it on grounds of primitive morality, for no thought ever entered his medieval mind that a tradesman could be right in so misusing the ordinary processes of business as to deprive the people of the supplies in which he traded under their laws, and with the protection of their courts.

It was a plain morality, but it stood the plain people in good stead for many centuries of toil and struggle. If it is to be overturned now, and a new teaching substituted, the way of the people will be hard indeed. The Trust or Combination — or whatever we may choose to call the conspiracy of dealers or manufacturers to monopolize certain branches of public supply — has only of late years presented itself as a new and troublesome problem to the people of the United States. The Match Trust and the Oil Trust were among the first to attract general attention and to excite serious alarm. These organizations effected their ends by means which were complicated in detail but simple enough in principle. A half dozen Match Companies, for instance, united their capital in a common fund, divided up their trade, fixed a uniform price for their wares, and set systematically to work to kill all possible competition. If a rival attempted to cope with them, they undersold him among the dealers, binding the dealers to sell at their price to the consumer. The competitor had the alternative of going out of business or joining the combination.

These Trusts so prospered at the expense of the people that other Trusts of all kinds sprang up around them; and it is not to be wondered at that, as they multiplied and thrived, the people became hopeless of opposing their extortions, and even grew callous in their hopelessness. But it is only of late years that the Trusts have had the effrontery to seek — and to find by their own peculiar methods — defenders and apologists in the public prints. The time has now come when we are told that the Trust is a perfectly legiti-

mate business arrangement, a wise and highly praiseworthy economic system for putting trade on a practical and profitable basis; and the theory is urged with sufficient plausibility to confuse many simple minds. It ought not to confuse or deceive any one: it certainly has not confused the trained jurists who have repeatedly denounced such combinations as illegal and dangerous to public welfare. But the thief who can get his captor to discuss with him the abstract question of the propriety or impropriety of stealing in general, stands a fair chance to escape punishment; and the Trusts, of course, would rather pick flaws in the indictment against them than plead directly to the offense charged.

It is to be hoped that the object-lesson of the past year will satisfy the plain citizen that he is both wronged and insulted by this revival of a question which the peoples of the civilized world settled centuries ago. Unless he thinks that the evils he has seen and suffered from can spring from a good and legitimate source, he must see that the time has come when he can no longer palter with the agencies that paralyze industries and debase governmental honor. He has seen these Trusts take advantage of business depression to shut down scores and hundreds of factories, throwing thousands of men out of work and causing untold misery. He has seen the utter helplessness of those who have been made to suffer. The Trust, with its vast combination of capital and its complete control of the market, can afford to be indifferent, for any ordinary term of bad times, to the discomfort of its employees or the annoyance of the public it deals with. These things he has seen, and worse. Better times may wipe out the memory of the mischief the Trusts have done in the season of business depression; but what shall wipe out the memory of the degradation which they have wrought in the highest body of the national legislature? He has seen that body the servile tool of the most unprincipled and insolent of all the great Trusts. He has seen its members shamelessly and defiantly using the powers he has delegated to them to manipulate the stock markets of the country for their own pecuniary benefit. And if, after what he has seen, the plain citizen can still believe that the tree which bears this evil fruit can be anything but a rank and poisonous growth of lawless greed, his plainness is degenerating into stupidity.

THE WOODS were brown and sere.

The Summer boarder and the oldest daughter tarried in the deepening shadows.

He was to leave on the morrow.

"Can you not," she faltered, "leave me something to remember you by?"

He stooped and kissed her brow.

"Yes," he answered, tenderly; "here is a full description of myself, which I have written out in anticipation of this occasion."

He would have kissed her yet again, but she fled away.

"R THERE!" cried the Oyster, as he saw September for the first time.



THE GUBERNATORIAL MELODRAMA—"MILLIONS IN MONEY."

MR. DEPEW (as the thwarted suitor).—Foiled again! Ha! ha! But a day will come!—





C.J. Taylor

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**B**ACK to the town! Back to the town!

Home come the wanderers, sunburnt and brown;  
Some of them bringing a dollar or two,  
And very well pleased that they got so well through.  
But the most of them only too ready to run  
To the weary old work that will never be done,  
To turn out the dollars that buy for them all  
The joys of the country from Spring-time to Fall.  
They have had Summer's joy and their cash is paid down,  
And now it's for all of them Back to the Town!

Back to the town: Back to the town:

And every morning the men will march down,  
And labor and toil till the evening, and then  
Hang their office-coats up, and go up town again.  
With a few dollars more or a few dollars less,  
And you'll never know which from the style of their dress  
For your garb must be trim from your sole to your crown,  
As soon as the family's got Back to Town.

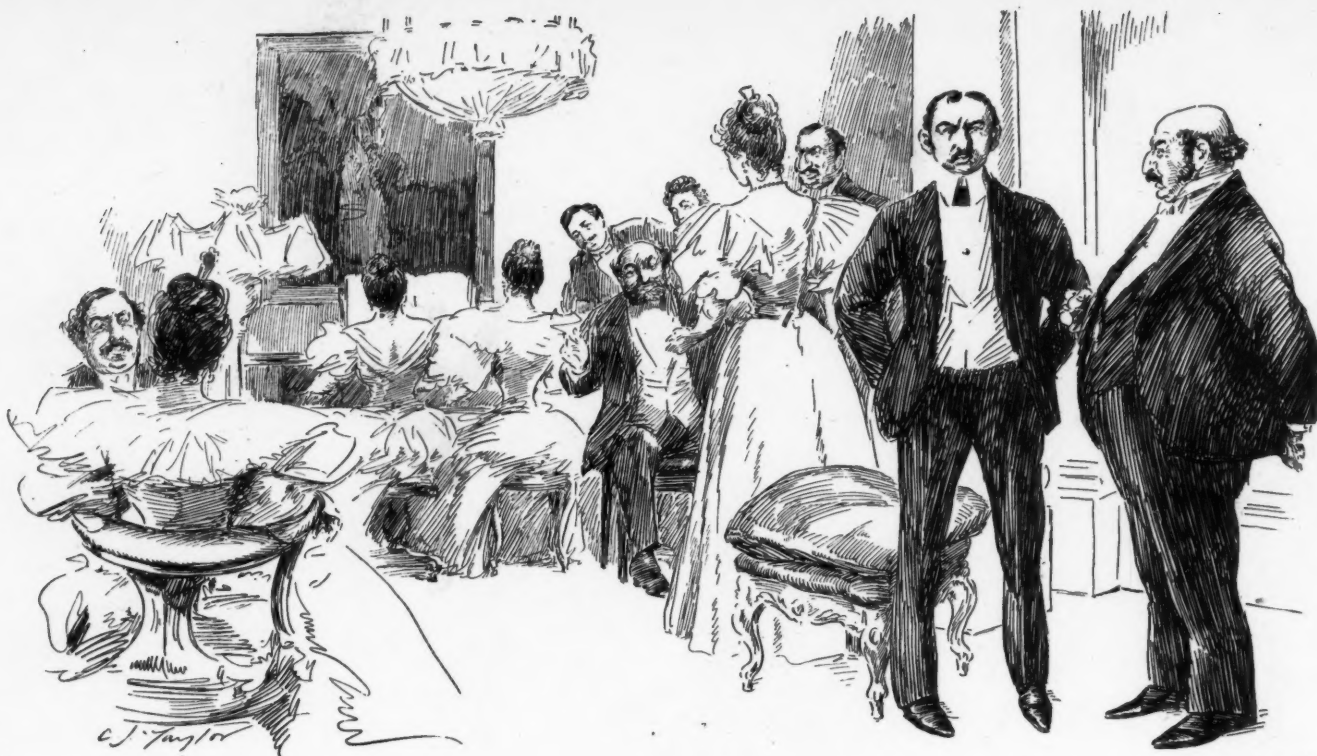
The store and the office with light are ablaze,  
And the maidens are thinking of parties and plays,  
While the men are at work for the money it takes  
For yachts, and for bicycles, saddles and breaks.  
For life's sordid end gets a bit to the front,  
There's no use in denying, when cash is to hunt;  
And the long days of Winter pass weary and slow  
Till the day that we ask ourselves: "Where shall we go?"  
For the market goes up and the market goes down,  
But when the Spring comes we must get out of Town.

We must get out of town as we can — to the air  
That makes a fair face look uncommonly fair;  
To the green leaves that whisper; the waves that speak low,  
Of the secrets of ocean in ebb and in flow;  
To the sky and the sun with the smile on his face  
You can see from the hay-field and no other place;  
To the wind that goes piping o'er meadow and hill,  
And all the dear birds that will never be still.  
The blessing of these and the joy that they make  
Rests on the cold months that the winter must take;  
For the toil that it takes us to pay the cash down  
To go off to the country — and get Back to Town.





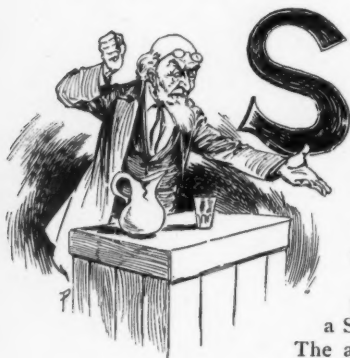




THE DUET AT THE GOLDSTEIN RECEPTION.

IKENHEIMER.—My! My! Aint dese hardt times awful! Dose Goldstein girls has both to blay off der same piano!

## LOOKING BACKWARD AT MUGGS'S CENTRE.



SOMETHING HAD to be done; every resident of Muggs's Centre realized that. The Summer boarder was slipping away from them. Years ago Muggs's Centre had coined money from the searchers for rest and recreation, but, of late years, despite every effort to please and much advertising, the Summer boarder had staid away, and the spare rooms at the Muggs's Centre farm-houses stood desolate and empty.

Not but what Muggs's Centre was a pretty place. In fact it was too good, almost, to be a Summer resort.

The air and eggs were fresh; the milk and mountain streams pure; the fish were plentiful and the mosquitos scarce. But the Summer boarder came not anear. So, at the beginning of the present season, the inhabitants of Muggs's Centre held a meeting at the school-house to discuss ways and means of bringing within reach of the horny-handed toilers the geese that laid them golden eggs. The Oldest Inhabitant was first to speak. He had ten spare rooms in his farm-house.

"I think I know the cause of the present depression in the Summer boarder business," he said. "It's because we have progressed too far. The city boarder comes here expecting to find us 'Hayseeds' and 'Rubes.' He finds us, instead, people who read the papers and magazines, and who visit the city often, and, in consequence, well read, well informed and progressive. The city boarder does not like this. He wants to be smarter than we are. He wants to go back to the city well satisfied with his own superior knowledge, and well supplied with anecdotes of our rude ways and uncouth speech. We must move backward. Hide the books and magazines! Let your whiskers grow! Talk through your nose; say 'b'gosh!' and 'gol darn it!' and the voice of the Summer boarder will be heard in the land!"

When the Oldest Inhabitant ceased speaking there arose a buzz of earnest conversation among those present. It was plain to be seen that all felt the force of his remarks. He was earnestly seconded, and, after appointing an executive committee, the meeting adjourned.

On the 15th of June the executive committee locked up Smith's old warehouse and nailed the door. Inside the warehouse were the following articles, among others too numerous to mention: Eight bicycles, two type-writers, three sets of encyclopedias, twelve bookcases and their contents, and about a ton of magazines, together with nine dress-suit cases and four tennis sets. The pool and billiard tables and the nickel in the slot machines had also been taken from the village tavern and stored there. All the farmers had grown whiskers, and their wives and daughters were wearing their sun-bonnets and print dresses. All the

children were made to go barefooted, and at Squire Davis's suggestion, the old blue willow-ware china and spinning wheels were removed from decorative duties in the various village parlors and put into every-day use. The village bank was closed and turned into a country store of the style of '49.

Needless to say the experiment was a great success. In two weeks every spare room in Muggs's Centre was occupied; and, before the end of July, the natives were bunking in the barns, so great was the influx of dialect story writers, the Oldest Inhabitant alone having forty on his premises.

Early in October the Oldest Inhabitant lifted two heavy canvas bags out of his buggy and entered the re-opened Muggs's Centre Savings Bank. Squire Davis came forward and greeted him. "Well, you were right!" he said heartily.

"I was, b'gosh!" answered the Oldest Inhabitant.

Roy L. McCardell.

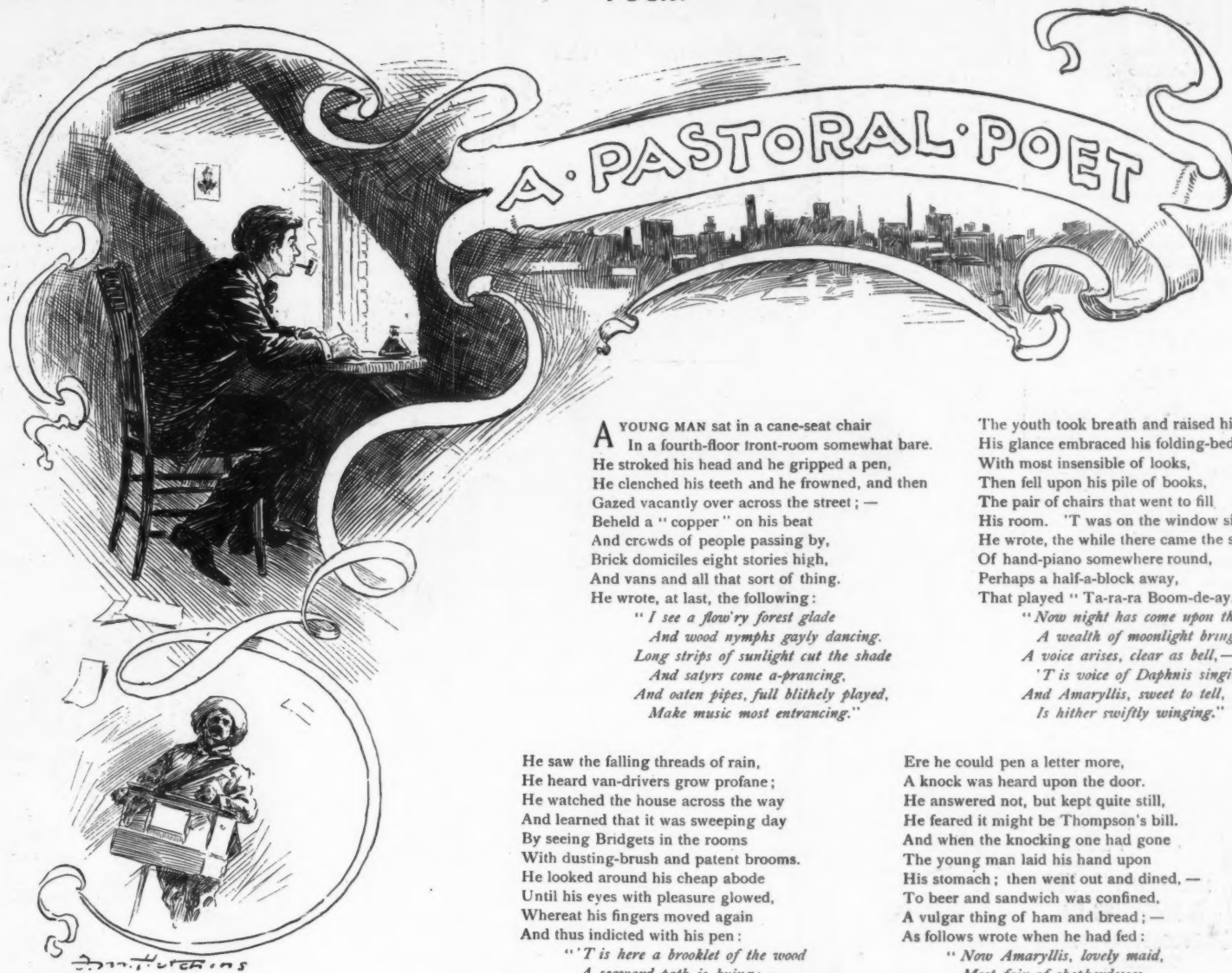


NOT BY MERIT ALONE.

REGGY YARDLACE.—I was reading in a paper the other day that an ex-governor of Ohio, and formerly one of the leading politicians of the State, is now the floor-walker in a large dry goods store in Columbus.

CHOLLY TAPECOUNTER (*bitterly*).—That's just the way it is! It's only the fellows with a pull that can expect to rise to the top of the tree. Real merit counts for nothing these days!





COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY NEPPLE & SCHWARTZMAN

A YOUNG MAN sat in a cane-seat chair  
In a fourth-floor front-room somewhat bare.  
He stroked his head and he gripped a pen,  
He clenched his teeth and he frowned, and then  
Gazed vacantly over across the street; —  
Beheld a "copper" on his beat  
And crowds of people passing by,  
Brick domiciles eight stories high,  
And vans and all that sort of thing.  
He wrote, at last, the following:

"I see a flow'ry forest glade  
And wood nymphs gayly dancing.  
Long strips of sunlight cut the shade  
And satyrs come a-prancing,  
And oaten pipes, full blithely played,  
Make music most entrancing."

He saw the falling threads of rain,  
He heard van-drivers grow profane;  
He watched the house across the way  
And learned that it was sweeping day  
By seeing Bridgets in the rooms  
With dusting-brush and patent brooms.  
He looked around his cheap abode  
Until his eyes with pleasure glowed,  
Whereat his fingers moved again  
And thus indicted with his pen:

"'T is here a brooklet of the wood  
A seaward path is hying; —  
But now, behold! the wood nymph brood  
Have otherwheres gone flying,  
And after them the satyrs rude  
And naiads all a-crying."

The youth took breath and raised his head,  
His glance embraced his folding-bed  
With most insensible of looks,  
Then fell upon his pile of books,  
The pair of chairs that went to fill  
His room. "T was on the window sill  
He wrote, the while there came the sound  
Of hand-piano somewhere round,  
Perhaps a half-a-block away,  
That played "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay."

"Now night has come upon the dell,  
A wealth of moonlight bringing;  
A voice arises, clear as bell, —  
'T is voice of Daphnis singing, —  
And Amaryllis, sweet to tell,  
Is hither swiftly winging."

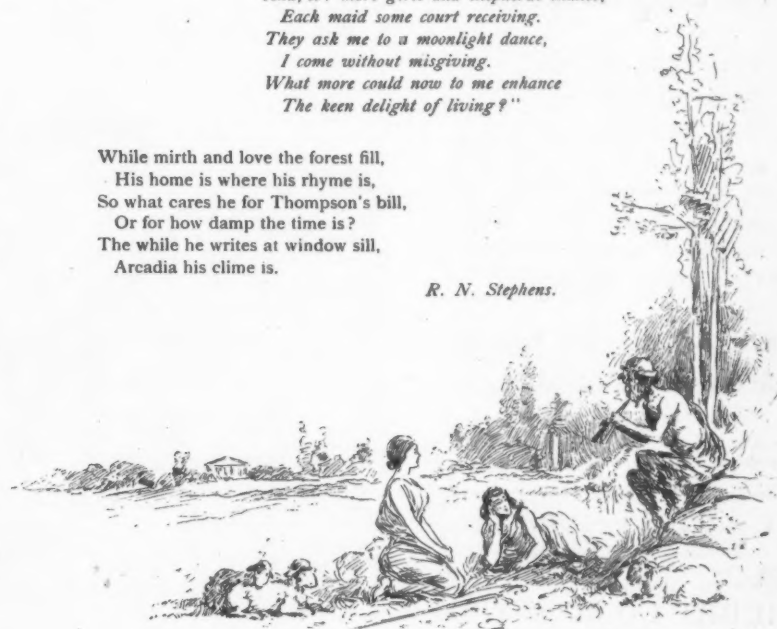
Ere he could pen a letter more,  
A knock was heard upon the door.  
He answered not, but kept quite still,  
He feared it might be Thompson's bill.  
And when the knocking one had gone  
The young man laid his hand upon  
His stomach; then went out and dined, —  
To beer and sandwich was confined,  
A vulgar thing of ham and bread; —  
As follows wrote when he had fed:

"Now Amaryllis, lovely maid,  
Most fair of shepherdesses,  
Is with her Daphnis in the glade;  
Her lips to his he presses,  
And modestly, though not afraid,  
Her rapture she confesses."

And, lo! more girls and shepherds' chance,  
Each maid some court receiving.  
They ask me to a moonlight dance,  
I come without misgiving.  
What more could now to me enhance  
The keen delight of living?"

While mirth and love the forest fill,  
His home is where his rhyme is,  
So what cares he for Thompson's bill,  
Or for how damp the time is?  
The while he writes at window sill,  
Arcadia his clime is.

R. N. Stephens.



#### A NEW IDEA.

"Henry," remarked Mrs. Batchby-Pokedye at breakfast, "we ought to have a coming-out party for Beatrice."

"A coming-out party for Beatrice," repeated the old gentleman; "Great Cæsar! did n't she come out three years ago at an expense of—"

"S-h-h!" interrupted his wife; "that was long ago, and people have forgotten. Do you know your child's name?"

"I should say I did!" growled Mr. Batchby-Pokedye; "and a foolish name it is — the idea of a girl being called Emily Beatrice Agatha Batchby-Pokedye!"

"Well," remarked his wife, "if you will remember, her first coming-out cards read 'Miss Emily Batchby-Pokedye!'"

I thought she would marry before this; but she has not, and now I want her to be introduced to the younger set

that has grown up meanwhile, so she will get invited everywhere."

"Well?" queried the stern father, frowning.

"That's it!" chirped the estimable lady; "and I gave her those names with a purpose — I want a reception now, to introduce Miss Beatrice Batchby-Pokedye. It will only cost —"

"I know the cost," retorted the head of the house; "and I suppose I'll have to stand it this time — but for heaven's sake, wait a little longer before you introduce Agatha to the world — because I have lost a lot of money lately, and I'd hate to have a daughter who might say that her father was n't rich enough to support all the names given her!"



CITY EDITOR. — Represent yourself as a nobleman. The *Daily Sheet* will announce your arrival in America, and you are to write ten columns about your reception and proposals of marriage you receive.

REPORTER. — How much money will you advance for expenses?

CITY EDITOR. — Why, none, you idiot! Did n't I say you were to be a nobleman?







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**PURE, HIGH GRADE  
COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES**

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**SPECIAL AND HIGHEST  
AWARDS**

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**CALIFORNIA  
MIDWINTER EXPOSITION.**

Their **BREAKFAST COCOA**,  
Which, unlike the Dutch Process,  
is made without the use of Alkalies  
or other Chemicals or Dyes, is absolutely  
pure and soluble, and costs  
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Little drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Make the tiny bathing suit  
Greatly in demand.

—Inter Ocean.

Beecham's pills are for  
biliousness, bilious headache,  
dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid  
liver, dizziness, sick head-  
ache, bad taste in the mouth,  
coated tongue, loss of appe-  
tite, sallow skin, when caused  
by constipation; and consti-  
pation is the most frequent  
cause of all of them.

Book free; pills 25c. At  
drugstores, or write B. F. Allen  
Co., 365 Canal St., New York.

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**Antwerp**  
TRADE MARK  
**THE REVERSIBLE  
LINK CUFF**  
40¢  
FACTORY'S TROY, N.Y.

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**Wilson's Common-Sense  
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New scientific invention, entirely dif-  
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has given no relief. Safe, comfortable,  
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ment. Write for pamphlet.  
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ment. Low valuations rule now. Abundant references. Free  
circulars. JOHN E. LERT, 1515 Tremont St., Denver, Colo.

A PATHETIC CASE.  
VAN QUILLE.—Do  
you know, I have a  
perfect passion for  
poetry!  
MISS BEACON.—  
Unrequited, is n't it?  
—Kate Field's Wash-  
ington.

A VERY NECESSARY  
ARTICLE.

CITIZEN.—What  
do you think is the  
hardest thing to know  
on a farm?  
HAYWARD.—The  
money to work it.  
Truth.

Here is the wrong  
method getting along  
with a child?

My son is.—Bromo-  
Seltz. This work we  
glad learn, and we  
the next week we had  
stayed. Just as good  
when John Chase.

## This Silk Watch Fob.

For the sake of making you  
acquainted with the Harris  
Garter for Men, and other of  
the famous

*Harris Garters*

We will send you a book on  
the subject for 10 cents, and a  
handsome Silk Watch Fob  
with a guaranteed Gold Plated  
bracelet. Every comfort-loving  
man should know about these  
goods.

Write to the  
Harris Garter Co.,  
100 N. 4th St.,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

AN UNSETTLED RE-  
LATIONSHIP.

MARIE.—Is that  
Chollie's sister?  
LOUISE.—No. He  
has n't proposed yet.  
—Kate Field's Wash-  
ington.

AS LIKE AS NOT.

THEY SAID.—I saw  
I took this umbrella  
with me.

CAKESON.—I've no  
doubt the owner is  
lost.—South Boston  
News.

FATHERS are always  
worrying their children  
about their school work.  
—Boston Globe.

WHAT a delightful  
plant this would be. It  
is worth full of people  
who would agree with  
us.—Boston Herald.



**Bicycling for ladies  
and gentlemen is ren-  
dered doubly pleasant,  
easy, and comfortable  
by the wearing of the  
right kind of underwear.  
The kind that don't roll  
up, crease, or wrinkle,  
but fits perfectly and  
yields without binding  
to all motions of the  
body.**

That kind is the  
Ypsilanti Union Suits.  
Send for new cata-  
logue and price list,  
also new book on men's  
underwear, entitled:  
"Modern Underwear, and How to Wear it." They are free.

HAY & TODD, MFG. Co., Ypsilanti, Mich.  
"Copyrighted, 1894."



### AN IDIOT.

FARMER GRAYNECK.—Mariar, there ain't no use in wastin' another penny on our boy's  
education. He's an utter fool; and that's all we can ever make of him!

MRS. GRAYNECK.—Why, land's sake, Jason! What makes you say that?

FARMER GRAYNECK.—Why, the little idiot asked me a few minutes ago if the word  
"Hon." before the name of a member of Congress meant "honest."

COOK'S IMPERIAL. World's Fair "highest award,"  
excellent champagne; good effervescence, agreeable bou-  
quet, delicious flavor.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S  
SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes  
the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind  
colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

Royal Italian Opera,  
Covent Garden, London.

It gives me great pleasure to testify to the  
marvelous effects of your "Bromo Soda,"  
which enabled me to sing before His Majesty,  
the Emperor of Germany, during his recent  
visit to London.

The painful headache and indisposition  
from which I suffered before taking the  
"Bromo Soda" would have prevented me  
from appearing that evening had it not been  
for the aid of your valuable remedy.

LUGI RAVELLI.

## USE BROMO SODA.

Supplied by all Druggists.  
Beware of all substitutes.



## The Blue and Black SERGES

that we offer at  
\$25.00 and \$35.00,  
for Suits to Measure,  
are composed of Pure  
Wool—well dyed—  
guaranteed fast color.  
We have them in the  
light and heavy twills.  
Nothing to compare  
with them in weight,  
durability and genteel  
wear.

145 & 147  
Bowery,  
New York.

*Nicoll*  
The Tailor

111 Broadway,  
N. Y. Cor.  
Ninth Street.

It is now Autumn. Summer has gone.  
Everything is taking a fall. The leaves are  
falling. The apples are falling. The turnips  
would fall if they did n't have to be raised. We  
once heard of a turnip that grew so fast that it  
lifted itself out of the earth; but that is irrele-  
vant. Everything is petering out and wilting.  
Did we say everything? Alas! we did; but we  
will take it back. The thing that is not falling  
at all is PICKINGS FROM PUCK. That is in-  
creasing, and, like the self-raising turnip, men-  
tioned above, lifts itself right over every other  
book. And PICKINGS FROM PUCK does n't  
have to cut itself down to sell. It is the same  
old price—  
Twenty-five cents; of all news-dealers.

### SHOCKED.

"What barbarians these Asiatics are!"  
exclaimed one pugilist.

"Yes," exclaimed the other; "they  
are actually fighting!"—*Washington  
Star.*

## The Hammerless Safety

is the revolver of highest perfection. It  
has the finest finish, the greatest accu-  
racy, the greatest penetration. It is  
made by the best workmen from the  
best material. Every part is thoroughly  
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Springfield, Mass.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

## PURE FRENCH CLARET

grown on the estate of the

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For further particulars, address

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HAPPY, ANYHOW!  
That ain't much work  
in Georgia,  
With politics a-  
gwine;  
But 't ain't too late fer  
digging bait,  
An' fishin' 's mighty  
fine!  
—Atlanta Constitution.

HIS OCCUPATION  
GONE.

MIKE.—Hello, Bill,  
are you still following  
the horses for a living?  
BILL.—No; I've  
been out of a job ever  
since the trolley came  
into general use on  
the car lines.—Brook-  
lyn Eagle.

We can't remember  
that we ever saw a  
lounge that did n't  
have a castor off.—  
Aitchison Globe.

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MANAGER BLUFF.  
—What did you do  
with that fifty dollars  
you won at the races  
yesterday?  
MANAGER FAQUE.  
—I made a twenty  
thousand-dollar pro-  
duction of a new play  
and sent it out on the  
road.—B'klyn Eagle.

NATURAL HISTORY.  
TEACHER.—What  
animal is the most  
dangerous and per-  
sistent foe of man?  
PRECOCIOUS SCHOL-  
AR.—Woman.  
—Truth.

WHAT has become  
of the old-fashioned  
woman who set the  
bread before going to  
bed at night?—Aitch-  
ison Globe.

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"Where is your wife?"  
"She is in the next block soliciting alms for a blind husband and three starving children."  
"And where are your children?"  
"They are in an orphan asylum."—  
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FAMOUS throughout the entire WORLD.



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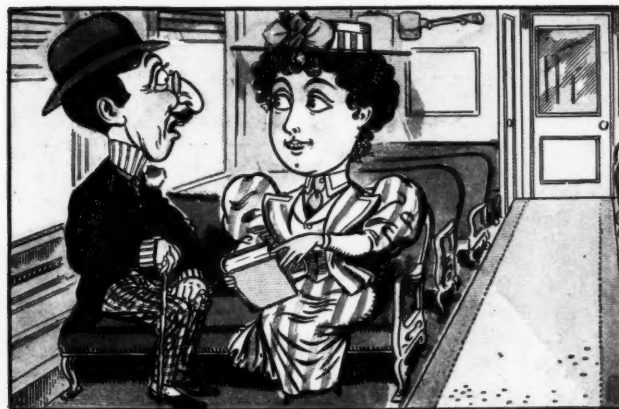
LADY-KILLER.—By Jove, what a pretty girl! All alone, too. I'll own her before we go two stations further.



"Aw—is this seat engaged?"  
THE PRETTY ONE.—Oh, no! You are quite welcome to it.



LADY-KILLER.—Aw—coming from school, I suppose?



THE PRETTY ONE.—Why—er—not exactly. In fact, I have a book here—"The Busy Man's Companion"—for which I am taking subscriptions.



"Now, you are evidently a very busy person, and I would like to show you the advantages of this book;—



"It contains twenty thousand items of information—br—br—br—br—how to prevent dandruff,—br—r—r—r—how to compute interest—br—r—r—r—(the same for eighteen minutes,)—and our subscription price is only five dollars.



"Yes. I knew you would buy it; and you'll never regret it as long as you live, I'm sure!



"Thanks! Ah, here we are at my station! Good-day!"